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The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

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THE Maple Leaf.

THIS PERIODICAL will contain 32 octavo pages Monthly, at Five Shillings per annum in advance, or Four Shillings each when taken by a Club of Five. It will be printed upon paper of superior quality, and contain appropriate illustrations, and one piece of Music each month. It will be the aim of the Projector of this Magazine to elevate and improve the faculties of the mind, and soften and harmonise the affections of the heart. Familiar expositions of Botany, Gardening, Architecture, and valuable Domestic Receipts will give variety to its pages, and assist in cultivating a taste for the beautiful and useful.

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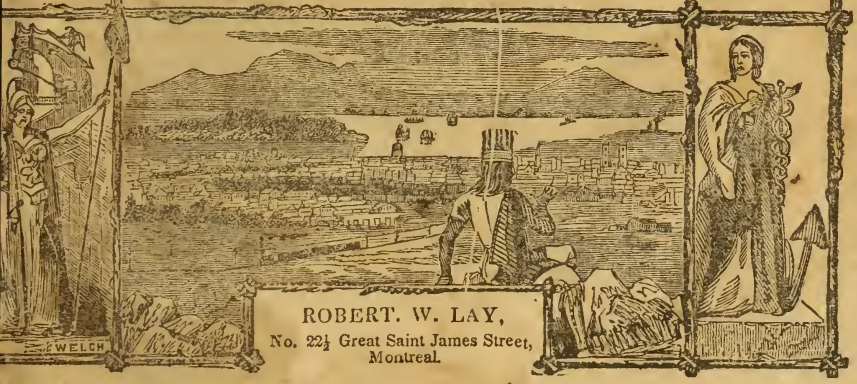

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THE GRAVE OF O. J. SAMSOE.

This engraving represents the grave and monument of O. J. Samsoe, in the beautiful cemetery in the vicinity of Copenhagen.

"At some distance beyond the northern, or rather the north-western gate, is the beautiful cemetery of the city. It is quite extensive, and resembles a garden more than a cemetery. It is divided into small parallelograms and squares, each large enough for one family. The walks are gravelled, and bordered by rows of trees, which are not suffered to become too large, whilst the abodes of the dead are adorned with flowers in the most agreeable manner which one can conceive. Most commonly, a sweet border of some evergreen shrubbery surrounds the grave, whilst a delightful tuft of flowers grows on the top. In many cases, no monumental marble marks the head and foot of the grave. The tombs of many, however, are what might be called small mausolea. Everywhere good taste prevails. A sepulchral urn, with a brief inscription respecting the life and merits of him who rests beneath, is here a very common memorial of the dead, whilst many of the slabs of marble contain nothing more, in addition to

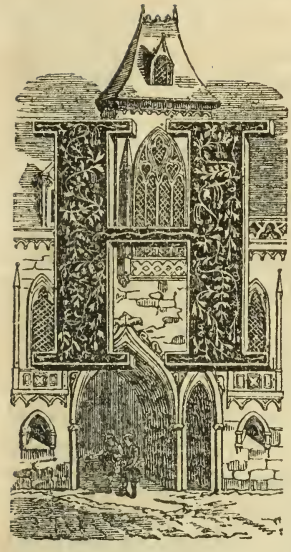
the name, than the words föd (born) and död (died), with perhaps a text of Scripture.

Such simplicity is befitting the repose of the dead. During life men may assume the meretricious ornaments with which vanity would clothe herself; but death comes to take them away, and to reduce all to the one common level of the tomb. How disgusting, then, is gaudy show or idle panegyric in such a place!

This cemetery is a favorite place of resort to all classes of the citizens of Copenhagen. Here the children and youth come to deck with flowers the borders of the grave of a parent, or brother, or sister, or friend. Here the more advanced in life come often, it is to be hoped, to reflect upon the uncertainty of its prospects' and the nearness of its end. "It was only towards the close of the last century," says Professor Nyerup, "that a man of singular virtue and probity was able by his example to put an end to that superstitious and pestilential practice of burying beneath the churches, and thus infecting the living with the mephitic exhalations of the tomb. On the brink of eternity he felt conscious that he had wrought no ill to his fellow-men in his life, and he could not bear the thought that after death his mortal remains should poison the air they berathed; his dying wish was to rest beneath the free heaven. He was buried here A. D. 1785, and a plain marble tablet bears the initials,—J. S. A.,—of his name, with the words *benè vixit qui benè latuit*. From that time this place has rapidly extended, until it has become the garden of the departed, where they repose in peace beneath their flowery covering. It is a holy and solemn place, where the wanderer is awakened to deep and sincere devotion, and memory consecrates her offering of a tear to departed friends."

We visited this spot often, and never without being deeply affected. There is something in its stillness, its tender associations, and its abundance of sweet flowers, which is extremely soothing and calming to the feelings of irritation and vexation which we permit the cares and trials of life too often to excite. We have spent hours here in the beautiful season of Spring, when all nature had but just put on her livery of green. And we have spent hours here when Autumn had assumed the sere and yellow leaf, and every plant, every leaf, seemed to announce not only its own decay, but ours also. It is a place where one may go to learn both how to live and how to die."

MOZART'S REQUIEUM.



IS lovely character is seen in a tenderer light, when we realize that he gave the finishing touch to this exquisitely pathetic air, but a short time before his death. For several weeks previous, his soul had been employed in musical conceptions, soaring heavenward on the glorious outbreathings of song, and appearing to long for immortality, in which the grand and almost seraphic strains that heaved his frail tenement with their entrancing harmony, might find a loftier range. At length his sweetest song—THE REQUIEM—was finished; and retouching it for the last time, and infusing it with that pathos which would win for it a fadeless name, we are informed that he fell into a gentle slumber, from which the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither, Emilie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes. "You look better; even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take these my last notes, and sit down to my piano here, and sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emilie complied, and with deep emotion sang the following lines:—

Spirit ! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run ;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortal's begun.

Spirit ! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret ;
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit ! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest ;
There the weary like thee—there the mourners shall find
A Heaven—a mansion of rest.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for her father's approving smile. It was the still passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left with the seal of death upon those features. She was alone.

The circumstances under which Mozart arranged this beautiful melody, which we gather from history, and here relate, are full of touching interest. More than half a century since, a poor shopkeeper, named Ruttler, a dealer in small wares, dwelt in the suburb of St. Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his business hardly sufficed to procure the comforts of life for his large family. Ruttler, however, was kind-hearted, and desirous of serving his friends. His roof, though poor, was hospitable, and the needy traveller never left it without having been comforted. An individual, whose serious deportment, and benevolent countenance were calculated to create respect, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. This person was evidently struggling against the influence of wasting malady. Nature seemed to have lost her charms for him. A languid smile animated his pale lips as Ruttler's children, morning after morning, saluted him, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On these occasions, he would raise his eyes to heaven, and seemed silently to implore a better fate than his for these little ones. Ruttler, who had observed the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat each morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger cheerfully accepted the civility, and the children often vied with each other in placing the humble stool be-

fore their father's guest. Ruttler had found it difficult to obtain sponsors for his children, and had usually depended upon the good offices of some neighbors, or even upon some chance passer. For the youngest no godfather had been chosen, and the stranger proposed to act as sponsor for the infant, calling her Gabrielle, and giving one hundred florins for the christening feast, to which he invited himself. Ruttler hesitated to take the sum. "Come, come," said the stranger, "when you know me better, you will see that I am not unworthy to share your sorrows. I perceive a violin in your shop, bring it to me, here, at this table, I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler quickly took down the violin, and handed it to the stranger, whose skill awoke such wonderful sounds, that the street was soon filled with listeners. A number of distinguished persons recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages. But he, completely occupied by his composition, did not notice the eager crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop, and, on finishing his writing, put the paper into his pocket, gave his address to Ruttler, intimating that he should expect to be at the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger came no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several persons dressed in black, with mournful countenances, stopped, and sadly contemplated the humble seat. Ruttler then determined to make some inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He went to the house to which the stranger addressed him. The door was hung in black; a coffin was surrounded by an immense quantity of wax-lights; a throng of artists, grandees, scientific and literary men lamented the sorrowful event that had taken place. The truth, for the first time, flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned, with astonishment, that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart! Mozart, who, seated on the rude stool, was composing his requiem! the last effort of "Germany's expiring Swan." It is said that Ruttler's establishment became much frequented, and he was thus able to provide handsomely for his children. The youngest was named Gabrielle, as Mozart had desired, and the violin on which the great composer had played, served as the marriage portion of his god-daughter. It was afterwards sold for four thousand florins, with the seat on which Moz-

art used to rest, Ruttler never would part, though offered tempting sums for it.

We have become so interested in this wonderful man, and have met so many pleasing anecdotes of his life, that we ask our readers to pursue the subject farther, while we give some of the most prominent particulars in his career.

Wolfgang Mozart was born at Salzburg in 1756. At the tender age of four years, his father commenced teaching him little pieces on the harpsichord. He only needed half an hour to play a minuet with correctness and ease. From this period he made rapid progress, and in his fifth year composed many trifles which he played to his father, who wrote them down. He applied himself with energy to all subjects in which he received instruction, but music was the study that delighted him most. A concert for the harpsichord which he wrote in his fifth year, perfectly according to the rules of the art, was so difficult, that only the most acomplished performer could have played it. He was now taken to Vienna, and introduced at the Emperor's Court. Young Mozart was anxious to please real connoisseurs. In Vienna a little violin was given to him, and when he returned to Salzburg he made such progress on this instrument, without the assistance of his father, that, to the surprise of all, he performed the second violin in a trio with the greatest precision. At the early age of twelve years he composed the offretorium, and a concert for trumpets, on the occasion of the consecration of a church at Vienna, and led the solemn performance in the presence of the Imperial Court. In 1769 Mozart, who had been made master of the concerts at the court orchestra at Salzburg, commenced a journey to Italy, in company with his father. In Rome he undertook to write down, on hearing it, the famous 'Miserere,' annually sung in the Sistine Chapel, and at that time kept very secret. He succeeded so well that when he sang it in company, Christofori, who had sung it in the chapel, was astonished. The Pope made him a knight of the Golden Spur, and in Bologna, after having composed, in half an hour, a piece for four voices, in a room in which he was shut up alone, he was elected member and master of the Chapel of the Philharmonic Academy. He composed the opera of 'Mithredates' in his fourteenth year, and it was repeated more than twenty times in succession. In

his nineteenth year he went again to Vienna, and engaged in the service of the emperor. He there fully satisfied the expectations which were raised by his early genius, and became the Raphael of Musicians. In truth, says an account before us, Mozart's whole life seems to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be thinking of something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner also, he was apparently lost in meditation. The peculiar manner in which he carried on the mental processes of composition, he thus gives in a letter to a friend :—"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised, and stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture, at a glance ; nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them as it were all at once : the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing takes place in a pleasing lively dream ; but the actual bearing of the whole is the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough ; for everything is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination." Apart from his musical triumphs, Mozart's personal history is deeply interesting. He was extremely pious, and from his earliest childhood it seemed to be his perpetual endeavor to conciliate the affections of those around him. The most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practice if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him ; he was then, but not till then, laid in bed contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for others than for himself. His great object at first was to relieve the ne-

cessities of his parents; afterwards his generosities to his professional brethren, and the impositions practised upon him by designing men, brought on difficulties, and finally those exertions to save his wife and children from impending destitution, which he was prompted to use, destroyed his health and hurried him to an untimely grave. His instrumental music, symphonies, quartets, concertos for the piano, sonatas, &c., will remain an admired pattern for all nations and all ages.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;

And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:—
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the bird must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree.
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild free flight
With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

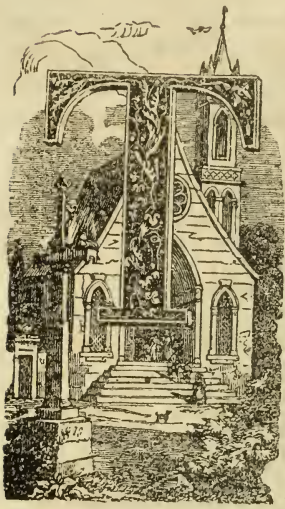
MARY HOWITT.

"How blest the farmer's simple life!
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife;
Free 'mid the scented fields!

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

(*Continued from Page* 13.)

CHAPTER II.



HIS young man, (George Harris) had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, considering the education and circumstances of the inventor, displayed quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin.*

He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners, and was a general favorite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave.

He was waited upon over the factory, shown the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and digging, and "see if he'd step about so smart." Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were as-

* A machine of this description was really the invention of a young colored man in Kentucky.

tounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr. Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is?—isn't the man *mine*?"

"We would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business."

"Dare say he may be; never was much adapted to anything that I set him about, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily.

"O yes!—a machine for saving work, is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; let a nigger alone for that, any time. They are all labor-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall tramp!" . . .

George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery ot the farm. He had been able to repress every disrespectful word; but the flashing eye, the gloomy and troubled brow, were part of a natural language that could not be repressed,—indubitable signs, which showed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period,—being much trusted and favored by his employer,—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion. The marriage was highly approved of by Mrs. Shelby, who, with a little womanly complacency in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favorite with one of her own class, who seemed in every way suited to her; and so they were married in her mistress' great parlor, and her mistress herself adorned the bride's beautiful hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal veil, which certainly could scarce have rested on a fairer head; and there was no lack of white gloves, and cake and wine,—of admiring guests to praise the bride's beauty, and her mistress' indulgence and liberality. . . .

Mrs. Shelby had gone on her visit, and Eliza stood in the

verandah, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

"George, is it you? How you frightened me! Well; I am so glad you's come! Missis is gone to spend the afternoon; so come into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves."

Saying this, she drew him into a neat little apartment opening on the verandah, where she generally sat at her sewing, within call of her mistress.

"How glad I am!—why don't you smile?—and look at Harry—how he grows." The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirts of his mother's dress. "Isn't he beautiful?" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

"I wish he'd never been born!" said George bitterly. "I wish I'd never been born myself!" . . .

"O, now, dear George, that is really wicked! I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard master; but pray be patient, and perhaps something—"

"Patient!" said he interrupting her; "have n't I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and took me away, for no earthly reason, from the place where everybody was kind to me? I'd paid him truly every cent of my earnings,—and they all say I worked well."

"Well, it *is* dreadful," said Eliza; "but, after all, he is your master, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? That's what I think of—what right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than he is. I know more about business than he does; I am a better manager than he is; I can read better than he can; I can write a better hand,—and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him,—I've learned it in spite of him; and now what right has he to make a dray-horse of me?—to take me from things I can do, and do better than he can, and put me to work that any horse can do? He tries to do it; he says he'll bring me down and humble me,

and he puts me just to the hardest, meanest and dirtiest work, on purpose!" . . .

"If I don't make him remember it, some time!" and the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master? That's what I want to know!" he said. . .

"What are you going to do? O, George, don't do anything wicked; if you only trust in God, and try to do right, he'll deliver you."

"I an't a Christian like you, Eliza; my heart's full of bitterness; I can't trust in God. Why does he let things be so?"

"O, George, we must have faith. Mistress says that when all things go wrong to us, we must believe that God is doing the very best."

"That's easy to say for people that are sitting on their sofas and riding in their carriages; but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come some harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns and can't be reconciled, anyhow. You couldn't, in my place,—you can't now, if I tell you all I've got to say. You don't know the whole yet."

"What can be coming now?"

"Well, lately Mas'r has been saying that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe, because they are proud, and hold their heads up above him, and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says he won't let me come here any more, and that I shall take a wife and settle down on his place. At first he only scolded and grumbled these things; but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river."

"Why—but you were married to *me*, by the minister, as much as if you'd been a white man?" said Eliza, simply.

"Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this country for that; I can't hold you for my wife if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you,—why I wish I'd never been born; it would have been better for us both,—it would have been better for this poor

child if he had never been born. All this may happen to him yet!"

"O, but master is so kind!"

"Yes, but who knows?—he may die—and then he may be sold to nobody knows who. What pleasure is it that he is handsome, and smart, and bright? I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will piece through your soul for every good and pleasant thing your child is or has; it will make him worth too much for you to keep!"

The words smote heavily on Eliza's heart; the vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow, she turned pale and gasped for breath. She looked nervously out on the verandah, where the boy, tired of the grave conversation, had retired, and where he was riding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby's walking-stick. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears, but checked herself.

"No, no,—he has enough to bear, poor fellow!" she thought. "No, I won't tell him; besides, it an't true; Missis never deceives us."

"So Eliza, my girl," said the husband mournfully, "bear up, now; and good-by, for I'm going."

"Going, George! Going where?"

"To Canada," said he, straightening himself up; "and when I'm there, I'll buy you; that's all the hope that's left us. You have a kind master, that won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy;—God helping me, I will!"

"O, dreadful! if you should be taken?"

"I won't be taken, Eliza; I'll *die* first. I'll be free, or I'll die!"

"You won't kill yourself!"

"No need of that. They will kill me, fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive!"

"O, George, for my sake, do be careful! Don't do anything wicked; don't lay hands on yourself, or any body else! You are tempted too much—too much; but don't—go you must—but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you."

"Well, then, Eliza, hear my plan. Mas'r took it into his head to send me right by here, with a note to Mr. Symmes,

that lives a mile past. I believe he expected I should come here to tell you what I have. It would please him, if he thought it would aggravate 'Shelby's folks,' as he calls 'em. I'm going home quite resigned, you understand, as if all was over. I've got some preparations made,—and there are those that will help me; and, in the course of a week or so, I shall be among the missing, some day. Pray for me, Eliza; perhaps the good Lord will hear you."

"O, pray yourself, George, and go trusting in him; then you won't do anything wicked."

"Well, now, *good-by*," said George, holding Eliza's hands, and gazing into her eyes, without moving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping,—such parting as those may make whose hope to meet again is as the spider's web,—and the husband and wife were parted.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." . . .

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining room afore-named, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; "and now for signing these yer."

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them, like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. . .

"Wal, now, the thing's *done!*" said the trader getting up.

"It's *done*!" said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and, fetching a long breath, he repeated, "*It's done!*" . . .

"By the by, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you lugged in to our dinner-table to-day?"

"Haley is his name," said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair, and continuing with his eyes fixed on a letter.

"Is he a negro-trader?" said Mrs. Shelby noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner." . . .

"Well, since you must know all, he is! I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both."

"What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature!—been your faithful servant from a boy! O, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom too,—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. . . . Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, if he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you! . . . Why not make a pecuniary sacrifice? I'm willing to bear my part of the inconvenience. O, Mr. Shelby, I have tried—tried most faithfully, as a Christian woman should—to do my duty to these poor, simple, dependent creatures. I have cared for them, instructed them, watched over them, and known all their little cares and joys, for years; and how can I ever hold up my head again among them, if for the sake of a little paltry gain, we sell such a faithful, excellent, confiding creature as poor Tom, and tear from him in a moment all we have taught him to love and value? I have taught them the duties of the family, of parent and child, and husband and wife; and how can I bear to have this open acknowledgment that we care for no tie, no duty, no relation, however sacred, compared with money? I have talked with Eliza about her boy—her duty to him as a Christian mother, to watch over him, pray for him, and bring him up in a Christian way; and now what can I say, if you tear him away, and sell him, soul and body, to a profane,

unprincipled man, just to save a little money? I have told her that one soul is worth more than all the money in the world; and how will she believe me when she sees us turn round and sell her child?—sell him, perhaps, to certain ruin of body and soul!"

"I know it,—I dare say;—but what's the use of all this?—I can't help myself—either they must go, or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged,—and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and *had* to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have all sold?"

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing! a curse to the master and a curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave under laws like ours,—I always felt it was,—I always thought so when I was a girl,—I thought so still more after I joined the church; but I thought I could gild it over,—I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom—fool that I was!"

"Why, wife, you are getting to be an abolitionist, quite."

"Abolitionist! if they knew all I know about slavery they might talk! We don't need them to tell us; you know I never thought that slavery was right—never felt willing to own slaves." . . .

"I have n't any jewelry of any amount," she added, thoughtfully; "but would not this watch do something?—it was an expensive one, when it was bought. If I could only at least save Eliza's child, I would sacrifice anything I have."

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Emily," said Mr. Shelby, "I'm sorry this takes hold of you so; but it will do no good. The fact is, Emily, the thing's done; the bills of sale are already signed,

and in Haley's hands ; and you must be thankful it is no worse. That man has had it in his power to ruin us all,—and now he is fairly off. If you knew the man as I do, you'd think that we had had a narrow escape." . . .

"And this wretch owns that good, faithful Tom, and Eliza's child!"

"Well, my dear, the fact is that this goes rather hard with me ; it's a thing I hate to think of. Haley wants to drive matters, and take possession to-morrow. I'm going to get out my horse bright and early, and be off. I can't see Tom, that's a fact ; and you had better arrange a drive somewhere, and carry Eliza off. Let the thing be done when she is out of sight."

"No, no," said Mrs. Shelby ; "I'll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I'll go and see poor old Tom, God help him, in his distress! They shall see, at any rate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about it. The Lord forgive us! What have we done, that this cruel necessity should come on us?"

There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected.

Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet ; and she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation.

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. . . .

She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote, hastily,

"O, Missis! dear Missis! don't think me ungrateful,—don't think hard of me, any way,—I heard all you and mas-

ter said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and, so fond is a mother's remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favorite toys, reserving a gayly painted parrot to amuse him, when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but, after some effort, he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed, with his little coat and cap.

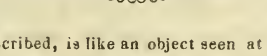
His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said; "musn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him,—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him"

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out. . . .

A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window pane.

Chapter 4, will commence with a good illustration.



A thing imperfectly described, is like an object seen at a distance, or through a mist—we doubt whether it be reality or fiction.

Cessation from bodily pain is not of itself a pleasure, for a negative can neither give pleasure or pain; but man is so framed by nature to rejoice when he is relieved from pain, as well as to be sorrowful when deprived of any enjoyment.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE BEAR.

HE practice that many people have of speaking at random, and telling marvellous stories, to amuse themselves with the expressions of wonder they thus draw from their auditors, is often attended with serious consequences. The young especially are injured by listening to such exaggerations. The freshness and ardor of their interest in knowledge is impaired, they learn to look at things suspiciously, and they cannot see that those who are devoted to their own selfish amusement, possess warm hearts, or are even to be relied upon for the truth. In almost every family circle or neighborhood may be found a privileged acquaintance, or kind old uncle, who, though really interested in the improvement and well-being of those who compose it, from a love of contradiction, or a reckless desire to see *some* excitement going on, completely sacrifice their influence for good. They are ready to say or do almost anything for the sake of a joke, or to teaze, and they thus implant a distrust of virtue and excellence, and a dissatisfaction with mankind, which is often developed into positive dislike. A bad or dangerous belief once promulgated, cannot be entirely withdrawn from the world. The pernicious principle sinks like seed into hearts, just ready perhaps to receive it, and will grow with the rankness of spontaneous vegetation. Nor can the propagation of such evil be entirely arrested, though its belief be retracted by the person who first proclaimed it. Its fruit is often "an hundred fold," and thus winged germs of mischief may be borne to distant lands, and a harvest of evil surprise the repentant propagator, who henceforth feels a remorseful anguish when he thinks of what he has done to injure his fellow-man. Then let us be thoughtful what we speak, and above all careful of the truthfulness and correctness of the sentiments we advance. The following incident, which we extract from a London periodical, and which is said to be true, conveys an important lesson on the difficulty of eradicating wrong impressions:—

On a fine afternoon in autumn, a large crowd, composed of men, women and children, were seen advancing through the

principal streets of Hopefield, a small village in England. In the midst of them was a black bear, which walked unconcernedly along, conducted by his keeper.

This man wore a drab surtout, large enough to admit two persons of his dimensions within its folds; a waistcoat much too short, boots which only lacked the soles, and a hat grown grey with time. A young boy, with a famished look, marched in front, blowing on a flageolet, and thumbing a tamborine.

When he had arrived in front of the "Red Lion," the only tavern in the village, the bear-leader stopped, and, forming a circle around him, ordered Bruin to stand up. After brandishing a stick above the head of the animal, he commenced dancing with him, and throwing himself into the most ludicrous attitudes, which Bruin imitated in a style truly picturesque. The inhabitants of Hopefield appeared delighted, and the crowd laughed with good will, and loudly.

A ventriloquist, of joyous mood, who happened to be at the "Red Lion," beheld, from a window, this ludicrous scene. Having arrived that morning at Hopefield, he had already formed a just estimate of the ignorance and credulity of its inhabitants; and the idea occurred to him to amuse himself a little at their expense.

He left the window, and joined the crowd of spectators, and, availing himself of a cessation of the shrill flageolet and noisy tamborine, he approached the showman.

"Your bear can, doubtless, speak?" said he, with a serious air.

The showman looked at him cunningly, shrugged his shoulders, and answered roughly—"Speak to him yourself, and you'll soon find it out."

This was just the reply the ventriloquist expected. He approached Bruin, and assuming a most comical expression, he said to the bear, in a droll tone of voice—"Allow me to compliment you, Mr. Bruin; you are as graceful as an opera-dancer. What country claims the honor of your birth?"

A voice which seemed to issue from the grisly jaws of the bear, replied—"The Alps, in Switzerland."

We will not attempt to describe the amazement of the crowd; every one was struck mute with fear and astonishment; but the

surprise of the showman would have offered an admirable subject for the pencil of Hogarth, surrounded by all those faces, in which consternation was so strongly depicted. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; he stretched wide his toothless mouth, and remained aghast and motionless, as if his feet had taken root where he stood.

The ventriloquist turned to him and said:—"Your bear speaks very good English, and has little remains of the Helvetic accent." Then turning again to Bruin, he observed in a kind tone—"You look sad; are you not well?"

"The fogs of England have given me the spleen," replied the animal.

Here the affrighted crowd began to move.

"Is it a long time since you belonged to this master?"

"Quite long enough for me to be tired of him."

"Is he not kind to you, Bruin?"

"Oh, yes—as kind as the hammer to the anvil."

"Will you not seek revenge some day?"

"Assuredly. One of these mornings I will eat him, like a radish, for my breakfast."

At these words, the crowd, whose curiosity had urged them, in spite of their fears, gradually to approach, now suddenly fell back on each other, and great was the confusion that ensued.—The showman had heard enough, and forcibly drew the chain of the animal, to enforce his control, but the wearied bear growled fearfully.

The ventriloquist, perfectly satisfied with this experiment, turned suddenly about, and hurried toward the tavern. This augmented still more the fears of the spectators, and each one took to his heels, as if the bear were in pursuit of him.

The ventriloquist, having arrived at the inn, laughed heartily to see the simple villagers flying in every direction, whilst the imperturbable Bruin remained seated on his hind legs, seeming to contemplate, with unconcern, the terrors he had excited.

During the evening the ventriloquist stood at the door of the tavern, around which many of the inhabitants had gathered. The theme of conversation was, naturally, the adventure of Bruin. It was commented upon, and exaggerated, according to the various degrees of the fears of the beholders.

The ventriloquist, thinking that the joke had been carried far enough, explained how he had played upon their credulity. They listened to him at first with curiosity; but when he had finished, the old people shook their heads with an air of unbelief.

"This is good to tell children," murmured an old grandmother, "but people of experience are not to be imposed upon. It is not the first time that animals have been known to speak, as is related in the Bible of Balaam and his ass. Besides, the almanac predicted this event, and announced that, about the middle of August, three days earlier or later than this, there would take place something remarkable in the world."

The ventriloquist insisted, and sought to prove what he advanced, but his listeners withdrew with distrust, persuaded that he wished to deceive them.

VOYAGE OF AN ELEPHANT FROM INDIA.

N one of my voyages, it was my good-fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East—a personage of vast weight in his *own* country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in *this*. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanor; and the only person whom he honored with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little whey-faced, under-sized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens; and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

In all large East India ships there is a space between the booms,

and *before* the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggry (a kind of coarse sugar,) and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favorable opportunity for the animal's embarkation—a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length, the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach—the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place ; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft, or catamaran, was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends of which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible ; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime, everything was in readiness on board the ship for his recep-

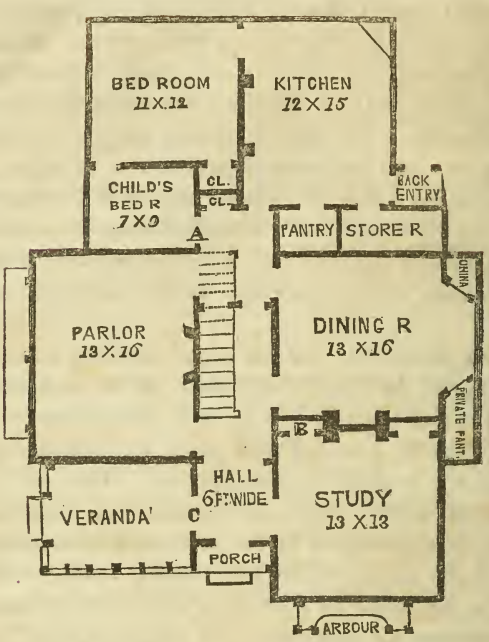
tion. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions, and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvas, bound, as the ladies would say, with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a *breechin*, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the *bight*, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighborhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought 'a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke.' At length, all was ready—the tackle was hooked—'haul taut on deck,' was the cry—'tweet, tweet,' sounded the boatswain's call. 'Now, my lads, for a steady walk,' said the chief mate; 'hoist away!' and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helpless as if he had been a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great, to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good-humour again, if necessary, with joggry and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honor of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him

with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Singapore, China, and St. Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkins, and joggry, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness—would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee; and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in picking up all the 'wee things' that came within its reach. This he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day, the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to shew his displeasur by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last, he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it, and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion, the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrust-

ing his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars lashed outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took everything that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-walk, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking—but in vain: he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet, to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd was assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set of at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neighboring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was still, he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognise us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he *seemed* to recognise us, but whether he did so or not, he *understood* us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, 'Kneel down,' he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.



GROUND PLAN.—*See July No.*

We expected to have given a full specification for the construction of a Cottage, after the style and manner indicated in the upright view which appeared in the July No., and the ground plan of the same which we now present. The cost of material in different localities varies so much that we have thought that any distinct specification would be of little use, and then most persons would prefer to make some alteration. We have therefore thought it sufficient to give the size of the rooms. In our next we shall show a very neat, convenient, and cheap country cottage, which could be completed for about $500.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Nothing truly excellent can be attained without self-denying application. We must toil at the mine, if we wish to possess the pure gold.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

If possible pleasure should be made to flow like a sweet atmosphere around the early learner, and pain be kept beyond the association of ideas. You cannot open flowers with a north-east storm. The buds of the hardiest plants will wait for the genial influences of the sun, though they perish while waiting. Parents and teachers often create that disgust of study, and that incorrigibleness and obstinacy of disposition, that they deplore. It is a sad exchange if the very blows which beat arithmetic and grammar into a boy, should beat confidence and manliness out.—*Horace Mann on Education.*

Lines for Everybody :—"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

The oak tree does not attain its full growth until it is two hundred years old.

A good answer.—A clergyman was asked to drink wine at a wedding and refused, as everybody should. "What, Mr. M.," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No Sir," was the reply, "I will take a glass of water." "But, Sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his often infirmity." "I have no infirmity," was the reverend gentleman's reply.

To clean light kid gloves.—Rub them smartly with India rubber, magnesia, or moist bread. If soiled beyond thus restoring, sew up the tops and rub them with a decoction of saffron and water, using a sponge. They will be yellow or brown, according to the strength of the decoction. Put on *kid* gloves. Rub them with spirits of hartshorn, or with flannel dipped in milk, then rubbed with Castile soap.

To preserve herbs.—Gather them on a dry day, just before blossoming; suspend them, tied in bunches, in a dry, airy place, with the blossom end downwards; wrap the medicinal ones, when perfectly dry, in paper, and keep them from the air. Pound fine and sift the leaves of such as are to be used in cooking, and keep the powder in corked bottles.

PUBLISHER'S LETTER.

Dear Editor,—It is no doubt your province to familiarise yourself with the daily news, which, emanating from numberless sources more or less reliable, is propelled through various mediums, into every town and village of our land. Your vocation also obliges you to take a peep into books and periodicals, which, though not so widely circulated as newspapers, often contain personal allusions of an injurious character. I am confident you would be particularly sensitive at the circulation of anything which might injure me, and thus indirectly reflect discredit upon your own good name. I think you have fully recovered from the agitation and fear occasioned by the advertisement alluded to in my last letter. I hope also that my letter satisfied you that I have acted honorably. As you

are so much on the alert to gather information, I am sure you must have noticed in a recent number of the Lower Canada *Agricultural Journal*, an article accusing me of a high offence, no less than that of defrauding the people! A very grave charge, and, though false, it has already done me serious injury, and will continue to produce an unfavorable impression until the imputation is publicly withdrawn, or until I am able to show its injustice, and even then, such is the peculiarity of the mind, that, with some, these reports will make an impression, and it will be quite impossible to remove the bad effects of such representations, since, unfortunately, they are often sent beyond the reach of counteracting influences. You know that the progressive principle applies even more forcibly to falsehood than to truth. Some are always ready to repeat aspersions, either thoughtlessly, or from a love of talking, and thus prejudices may arise and continue against persons who have the best intentions, and possess sterling merit. I know this view of human nature is not pleasing, and lest you should leave me to defend myself as best I can, I will here again assure you that the accusation is not true, and I think I can convince you, and all whom it may concern, that the Society referred to had no reason to justify them in defaming my character.

It however affords me pleasure to state, from personal knowledge, that there are men in this society, and acting on its committee, who have honestly at heart the best good of that class to whose interests they are pledged. To such I feel under great obligations for their kind efforts to sustain and encourage me. For this reason I take no pleasure in speaking of the matter: it is painful; and I am sorry that in the attempt to convince the public of my fidelity, I must refer to men who, I believe, possess a high sense of propriety and honor, and who have, like myself, been deceived. I am sure your experience has taught you that those who serve societies sometimes meet with disappointment, since it is universally conceded that such bodies have no positive, tangible conscience, or individual responsibility, but more properly a general concentration of honorable principle and love of justice, which, for the want of some *responsible actor*, often merely exist in a *quiescent state*, and, consequently, are useless as far as a prompt attention to equity is concerned. As the officers of this society have no direct pecuniary interest, but are acting on behalf of the government to disburse the people's money, I felt myself safe in becoming their publisher, believing, if I served them faithfully, they would not allow me to be injured. In this I have been greatly disappointed, and suffered deeply from the misrepresentations of the society, through their Secretary, for which they are amenable.

I can easily show that I have labored most assiduously to further the interests of the Journal, and strictly fulfilled my agreement with the society, which was to publish the journal for one year only, with the privilege of continuing five years. I provided two reliable securities, which were accepted, and I feel that had I failed to come up to the stipulated standard, the society had a right to seek redress from them, and not injure me before the public.

I can also assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have accounted faithfully to the society for everything due to them; and if the statement relative to the Journal had proved correct, I should probably now be engaged in circulating that publication in every part of the Province.

I am quite prepared to defend myself, but, in so doing, shall be obliged to allude to facts, which, while they exonerate me, will seriously implicate others; and, I am sure, if I cannot prove conclusively that the appropriation to the Lower Canada Agricultural Society has been injudiciously expended, I can clearly demonstrate that it can be applied to much better advantage. If the Legislature of Canada will appoint me the publisher of an Agricultural Journal for the Provinces, and give me the same appropriation, I will give five hundred dollars annually—as long as the appropriation is made—to the erection and maintenance of an Agricultural School for the country; and five hundred dollars to be equally divided between the Mechanics' Institutes of Canada; and, I will give one-half of the proceeds of such a Journal to the poor who have suffered by the late calamitous fire in Montreal.

I must apologise for so long taking your attention from more agreeable topics. I should not have broached this subject at all, but I felt it most important that the public, especially the subscribers to the "MAPLE LEAF," should be assured that the dollars they send are safe.

THE PUBLISHER.

EDITORIAL.

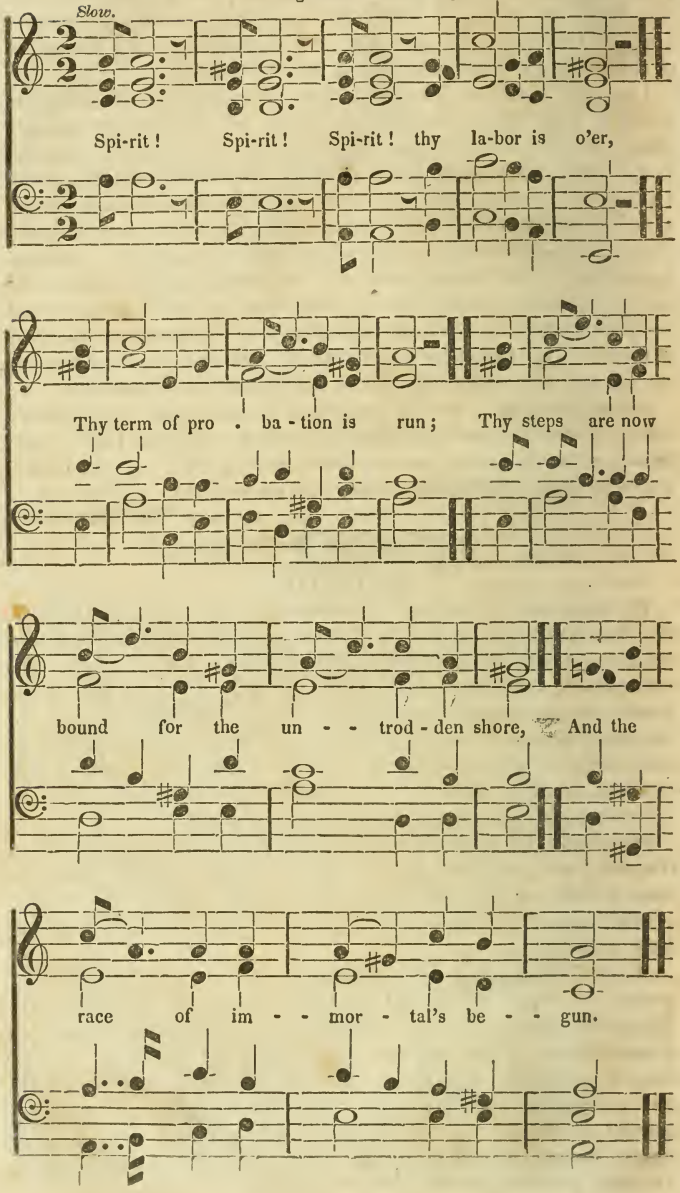
We have chosen for the music of this month, a pathetic piece, by the Rev. Mr. Farrington, and corrected by Professor Seebold, who is well known in our city as a very skilful performer and instructor in the piano-forte. His establishment and warehouse of music, and musical instruments, will be found, No. 51, Great St. James Street. We do not consider it wise to attempt to give, in a magazine of this size, elaborate or intricate music, and shall, therefore, in future, endeavour to furnish choice family tunes, not now common, or easily obtained. Mr Seebold will arrange them for the "MAPLE LEAF," and see that they are correctly printed.

Mrs. Walton has examined every stitch of the crotchet, and pronounced it a perfect and pretty pattern; and should it prove imperfect, those who detect a mistake, must scold the publisher,—instead of blaming Mrs. Walton, —gently, however, a first, as he is just now particularly sensitive to censure from the ladies.

We are glad to renew our acquaintance with our former cheerful companion, the "SNOW DROP," and thank Mr. Armour for his politeness, in bringing this about. We are much pleased to see our friend so chastely and elegantly adorned, and bearing a face so bright and agreeable. We can scarcely believe that, in so short an absence, our youthful neighbour could have developed so many lovely traits. We have already returned the compliment, by sending the "MAPLE LEAF," which, though quite *green* in aspect, is much esteemed in Canada, where its characteristic elements, of the useful with the agreeable, are so well known,

THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Arranged from Mozart, by Rev. W. F. Farrington.


Slow.
Spi-rit! Spi-rit! Spi-rit! thy la-bor is o'er,
Thy term of pro . ba - tion is run; Thy steps are now
bound for the un - - trod - den shore, And the
race of im - - mor - tal's be - - gun.

Re. The Maple Leaf.

FC012
1850
M297

Your listing Montreal 1850?

question mark could safely be dropped. Internal evidence - reference p 63 to new series of The Snow Drop - vol I, no 1 of which appeared July 1850. In the bound volume copy of The Snow Drop in U W.O. rare book room, the publisher's name is given as Robert W Ivay - same name as publisher of The Maple Leaf.

Ms M.L. Macdonald
English Dept, Dalhousie Univ. NOV. 1978

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